



ERRONEOUS JUDGEMENT
OF
MORTALS:
AN ORIENTAL TALE.
We see but in part.

BOZALDAB, Califf of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, Aboram, (for whom he had crouded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests and secured them with impregnable fortresses) was suddenly wounded as he was hunting with

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with an arrow from an unknown hand expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace; he retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain; he there rolled his eyes in the dust, toar away the hairs of his head, and dashed the cup of consolation offered him by patience, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be so cruel," he cried, "who thus wounds the innocent from an ambush, with unexpected blows, and crushes his creature in a moment of irreparable calamity? Ye lying Images, no more of the justice and kindness of the all-directing Providence! He, who is seated on his throne and tend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest hopes in the garden of hope; and, like a mighty giant, to beat down the strongest happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the power and the power with which flattering flattery have invested him, he would doubtless have declined and enabled to banish those evil spirits from under the world a dungeon of distress."